



Ab Maer was the pientest, most uncomplaining man
That ever lived I estimate, since the human race began
He had a way of reasoning that made the toughest luck
As pleasant to his notion as a puddle to a duck
No matter what might happen he'd make it out to be
About the richest blessing anybody ever saw
So every time the sun came up it seemed to him to say
'Good morning' 'Ab! I've brought another good Thanksgiving day'

While other folks were swearing at the mud the rain had made
Ab Maer called attention to the dust that it had laid
And when the dust was blown till it filled their very blood
He told them he was thankful that the sun had dried the mud.
Whichever way the weather turned twas just what he was wishin'—
The flood filled up the cistern and the drought improved the fishin'
So wet or dry Ab always went his calm contented way
In seven times a week he had a real Thanksgiving day



I mind the time he broke his thumb above the middle joint—
He loved it was a blessing that it broke at just that point.
And when it healed as crooked as old Brindle's crooked horn
He said that now it made a handy hook for studding in corn
You might as well have tried to stop the earth from rolling round
As try to down his spirits for he wouldn't have been downed.
No matter what misfortune came he'd try to make it pay
And turned the sad occasion into a glad Thanksgiving day

At last a sickness kept him in his bed for most a year
But not a matter of complaint did anybody hear
Indeed from what he said you'd think he actually chose
To spend his time in bed to save the wear and tear of shoes
Then when the doctor finally said the end was drawn nigh
There came a beam of happiness in Abner's dimming eye
Which seemed to them who saw it as if he would like to say
That dying was the climax of a glad Thanksgiving day



I dreamed a dream the other night in which I seemed to see
The soul of Abner Maer looking up at me
And I heard the voice of Satan in a low, continuous wail
As he beat his breast in a fury in fury switched his tail
Then I woke in my woman's bed if it possibly was so—
That Ab had taken his shade in regions down below
And robbed the devil of his power by finding out a way
To turn the night of sleep into a glad Thanksgiving day



As we are inclined to the fertile brain of Hamilton for the setting aside of this day as a national holiday—the turkey was conspicuous for its absence. Clamor for our largest of game birds which had served or rather been served so acceptably on all feast days since the first Thanksgiving of the pilgrims was of no avail and a motion to dispense with the fowl was finally made simply because there seemed no alternative. But this was hooted down Hamilton joining the opposition with the emphatic sentiment above noted.

Since it is strictly an American bird the name seems a misnomer probably originating with its first introduction into Europe early in the sixteenth century when by some means it was supposed to have come from the Ottoman empire.

The Mammoth Bronze the largest and most popular domesticated variety is a descendant of the Mexican turkey indigenous in the Mexican tablelands found also in New Mexico and Arizona. The prevalent notion that it is crossed with the wild turkeys of the eastern slope is denied by the managers of the Smithsonian Institution who in exhibiting a fine stuffed specimen of the latter at the Pan American stated that it is not a progenitor of the domestic turkey.

That the wild nature like that of the Indian is never wholly eradicated is most apparent at nesting time. Then the most stupid in appearance of all the denizens of the poultry yard becomes suddenly the most wary and cunning. Unlike the bustling hen which never lays an egg without proclaiming the fact to the entire neighborhood Mistress Turkey quietly slips away from the rest of the flock, feeling as she goes, thereby detracting attention from her real purpose. If unmolested she proceeds by a more or less circuitous route carefully placing dead leaves or bits of grass or straw over each nest with her bill so that unless one finds her on the spot or sees her enter it is almost impossible to discover her secret. Any indication of surveillance increases her restiveness and the strategy sometimes adopted to throw off her pursuer is surprising in the extreme.

Hunting the turkey's nest usually falls to the lot of an adult child being as a rule not shrewd enough to follow the slender claw to the end of a fence for some ten or fifteen days is required. One must expect to be led by many detours purchases to see the hen settle down in a nook quite remote from the nest hoping thereby to elude her pursuer. If unsuccessful in this ruse she may even return home thinking to slip away later unnoted. The following incident illustrates perhaps in an extreme degree her tactics.

A hen had been followed daily for several days but without success. The grown up boy of the family was quite inclined to make sport of the repeated failures and finally volunteered his services. He watched the hen start along the roadside bordering a trian whar wood lot—the route she invariably took. From behind the rail fence he noted her progress, picking here and there wending her way slowly yet evidently alert to the presence of any intruder. Sometimes she appeared suspicious, but would again resume her way in an unconcerned manner. When the apex of the triangle was reached she deliberately after a little maneuvering worked her way up the adjacent side. Meantime the lad slipped through the low bushes along the third side of the triangle that he might better watch her movements. The gobbler, which had paraded back and forth in the same field through the entire morning was now unusually profuse with his gobbling. As the hen reached a point opposite her mate turkey talk was redoubled for a few minutes. Then he resumed his former occupation of strutting and gobbling and she wended her way along unconcernedly. As she reached the spot opposite where the spy was concealed

she veered directly from her path walked up to the fence and peeped through at her pursuer as much as to say I knew all about you before I looked. Then she marched home in the most stately manner leaving the young detective to follow somewhat crestfallen. Not until the period of incubation was well advanced was her retreat discovered under a spruce in the dooryard the low growing branches effectually concealing her from view. The morning trips along the roadside were simply a decoy.

If molested while sitting the turkey protests in a series of hisses, emphasizing these, if opportunity is given with out quiting the nest, by savage strokes from her bill. She never cackles the loudest cry of danger being a series of quills.

During the first few weeks her young are extremely sensitive to cold and rain. Later they become as hardy as chicks. Some prefer a hen mother as less liable to rumble but the turkey better understands the needs of her



MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEY

little ones instead of bustling about and thrashing them out she moves slowly and rests often though sometimes hurrying them a long way from home. It is said to return at night search for its mate is her with a neighboring flock.

At this time of season by the way it is a productive of neighborly quarrels than any other feature of its life. While both parties are in it is often managed by making with it, a kind of stout cloth each party adding to its own pile. But one individual will insist upon having the number irrespective of the toll paid to haul and haul and when dealing with these—well it is easy to catch a bird to get clipped off. The best preventive is liberal feeding, morning and evening to induce a love for home.

As the flock of forty or fifty stay turkeys becomes a real menace to the farmer. While they are an effective check to the grasshopper plague, they are also able to tear down and consume a considerable quantity of grain in a short time. Cabbage is a favorite food, and a garden under their jurisdiction is soon demolished.

In autumn when the young gobblers have nearly reached the size of adults, they practice a curious custom of mutual annoyance. One will persistently follow another, its bill thrust nearly or quite in the face of the latter while it utters a most tantalizing "know, know, know." This usually terminates in a sharp tussle with beaks repeated many times during the day. While the members of the flock are usually so nearly mated that no serious results ensue the persistency with which the process is repeated from day to day becomes quite as annoying as monotonous to the owner.

The mature gobbler is truly a handsome bird his wattled head glowing red in health but quickly paling in disease. If angered, the red changes to livid blue, and the child who amuses himself by mocking the bird may receive a good, hard pounding from its wings. The plumage is beautifully bronzed in sunshine the tail feathers being margined with bands of nearly white. The tail may be erected at

pleasure and the wings spread until they touch the ground and as it struts back and forth proud as a peacock resembling a covered buggy as one little maid quaintly described it.

As we feast upon the tender flesh it is pleasant to remember that in many instances the turkey money is the chief source of income to the hard working farmer's wife and after it has paid the taxes and supplied the necessary winter clothing there may still be a bonus for a new carpet or other wished for luxury. Long live the turkey! Long live the relish of the epicure!

ANTHRACITE STRIKE SITUATION.

President Mitchell and Associates Preparing Evidence to Present to Commission.

Scranton Pa Nov 27—Quite in contrast with the happy faces of the Independent Anthracite Committee when it met in New York Wednesday it was the countenances of the representatives of the coal owners when they met in Washington Wednesday.

How the latter view the sudden and surprising turn of affairs is well set forth in a statement issued yesterday afternoon by Messrs Darrow and Lloyd who accompanied Mr Mitchell to Washington. They clearly indicated that they think the coal road presidents acquiesced in Mr MacVeigh's plan of settlement out of court and then repudiated him. The fact that George F. Baer president of the Reading Railroad company signed the telegram to Chairman Gray of the commission declaring that the big companies were agreeable to the MacVeigh idea of amicable adjustment and that the same man signed the telegram to Mr MacVeigh in Washington calling off the negotiations is particularly pointed out in the Darrow Lloyd statement.

While admitting that they did much towards breaking off negotiations for a settlement out of court the independent operators do not hesitate to say that they were not required to advance much argument to bring the coal road presidents to their way of thinking.

President Mitchell District Presidents A. Chellis Duffy and Fahy and several of the other union officers who are here to attend the commission hearings, spent yesterday afternoon in conference as to the details of the evidence to be presented when the commission assembles. President Mitchell says the executive board has not been called in conferences.

GENERAL FOREIGN

Marseilles Nov 27—As a result of the strike of the stokers the mail service from this port is completely interrupted.

Hamburg Nov 27—The Hamburg American Steamship company has decided to add two steamers to its New York Mediterranean line for the winter.

London Nov 27—The most Rev John MacVilly Roman Catholic archbishop of Tuam and primate of Connaught since 1881, died yesterday at the age of 85 years.

Rome Nov 27—St. Louis Fair Commissioners I. W. Criddle and H. V. Ives have arrived here. They say they have found a growing interest in Italy in the exposition especially among artists.

St. Etienne France Nov 27—The committee of the coal miners' federation of the Loire held a meeting yesterday and resolved in favor of the resumption of work at all the mines in the district tomorrow.

Copenhagen, Nov. 27—Sven Anders Hedén, the Swedish traveler, has been invited by several American universities to lecture before them on his explorations.

The Tale of the Turkey

By BESSIE L. PUTNAM

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No citizen of the United States of America should abstain from turkey on Thanksgiving day. While the authorship of the above quotation has been questioned somewhere attributing it to Wash-

ington, it is now generally conceded to have emanated from the lips of Alexander Hamilton. It appears that at a banquet given by a number of congressmen on the first national celebration of Thanksgiving in 1789—and, by the

TWO CHICAGO SCHOOLMA'AMS AND THEIR WORK

[Special Correspondence.]

Chicago, Nov. 24.—The Chicago schoolma'am has again demonstrated her importance as a factor in the activities of this intensely active city. At all events she has called wide attention to herself and her work in a somewhat unusual but by no means discreditable way.

For some time there has existed here an organization known as the Chicago Teachers' association, which has done much for the betterment of the public schools as well as for the improvement of the conditions of the teachers themselves. The federation embraces nearly all the public school teachers of the city, something over 3,000 in number.

Among its most active workers are Miss Catherine Goggin and Miss Mar-



MISS CATHERINE GOGGIN.

garet Haley, who led the campaign two years ago against the Chicago corporations which resulted in the addition of many millions of dollars to the tax rolls of the city. It was a fight to compel these corporations to pay taxes on their franchises and was carried through every court of the state until a final decision was obtained from the tribunal of last resort. The corporations, many of them rich and powerful, naturally made stubborn resistance. The teachers and their allies, however, pushed the fight with determination and vigor and finally won a notable legal victory. The added revenue to the treasury of the city has not only enabled the school board to pay the teachers regularly, a thing it had not done for years, but to hire more of them and in many cases to advance the rate of wages.

But all this is ancient history. The present history making in which the Chicago Teachers' federation is engaged is a movement for the affiliation of teachers with organized labor. It is important as being a definite step toward an alliance of trades unionism and the professions which may ultimately result in a great federation embracing not only men who work with their hands, but all men and women who by the nature of their employment, mental as well as manual, can find advantage in co-operation.

The movement which has resulted in the adoption of the Chicago Teachers' federation into the American Federation of Labor was begun early in October by Miss Goggin, Miss Haley and others.

Definite action was taken a few days ago at a largely attended and representative meeting of teachers, when a resolution was adopted almost unanimously petitioning the executive board of the American Federation of Labor for affiliation with that organization.

As soon as the news of their action reached the headquarters of the American Federation President Gompers telegraphed "fraternal greetings and heartiest congratulations on the formation of a union for protective purposes in full affiliation with the other workers of our common country."

So Chicago, which is usually first in a good many things, has the first schoolteachers' union in good and regular standing and recognized as a factor in organized labor.

The Chicago Federation of Labor is especially pleased with the action of the teachers and welcomes with abounding enthusiasm and cordiality this new sister organization. Indeed, leading members of the local federation have strongly urged the teachers to join them, believing that it would be to the great advantage of both.

Miss Haley, who shares with Miss Goggin the honor of bringing the teachers into the fold of organized labor, is a general favorite among the labor unions of the city. She often delivers addresses at important meetings, and her advice is always received with favor. Without doubt delegates from the newly allied body, composed as it is of women of high character and intelligence, will prove a great advantage in the sessions of the local and national federations.

On their part the teachers see many advantages to accrue to themselves and their profession from the affiliation. They feel already that they are closely allied with the laboring man through the tuition of his children. Backed by the Chicago federation, which has a membership of something over 20,000 men, the teachers hope to revolutionize the public school system. They make clear the point that they can benefit the general public by this move as well as improve their own condition.

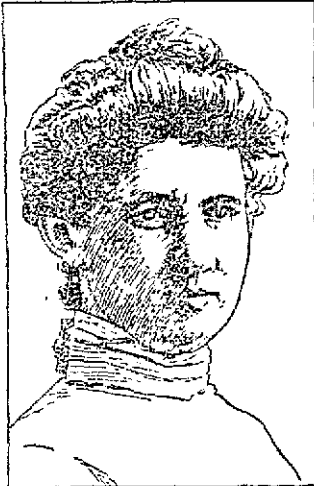
As to the public view of this innovation of the teachers, it is pretty generally favorable. The Chicago public, or that portion of it not included in the tax dodger class, has pretty good reason to think well of the Chicago Teachers' federation for what it has done in the past and can afford to trust a good deal to it in the future.

Whether or not the action of the progressive teachers of Chicago will be followed by similar action among teachers in other communities remains to be seen; but, judging from favorable editorial expressions in many leading newspapers and the utterances of many prominent educators, economists and others throughout the country, it would seem that the idea is quite generally accepted as a good one.

The young women who have carried this movement to a successful issue are fine types of self-respecting, self-reliant and resourceful American womanhood and may reasonably be expected to use wisely whatever of power and prestige may come to them through it.

Miss Goggin, who is credited with having first suggested the idea of affiliating the teachers with trades unions, organized the Chicago Teachers' federation, of which she was the first president, and by her tact, intelligence and perseverance made it a power in the government of the city's schools. She is medium sized and has snappy black eyes that look at you through glasses. Her hair is streaked with gray, and she dresses very quietly, usually in sober colors. Miss Goggin is a cousin of the late Judge Goggin, known for many years as the humorist of Chicago's judiciary. Perhaps humor runs in the family. Albeit, Miss Goggin's keen and fine sense of humor, coupled with a high degree of intelligence, makes her one of the most entertaining of speakers and delightful of conversationalists.

An instance which brought her some fame as a humorist and some distinction which she perhaps neither expected nor desired occurred a couple of years ago when she gave before the Catholic Women's National league her subsequently famous paper telling her reasons for spinstership. The newspapers reported Miss Goggin's "reasons," and shortly after she began to receive proposals of marriage by the



MISS MARGARET HALEY.

basketful. These came from all sorts and conditions of men from all over the country, none of which, however, she deigned to accept. Some of the letters were humorous, some were silly and some plainly serious. They were all humorous to the mild mannered authoress of the "nine reasons for spinstership." Letters came from many cities and many states. The account of her "reasons" even penetrated to the farm, and one farmer from Indiana, three from Illinois, one from Wisconsin and one from Iowa wrote to offer themselves to her.

Speaking of the genesis of the incident, Miss Goggin said:

"The chairman of the committee on philanthropy of the Catholic Women's National league called on me to write a paper for one of their meetings. I deferred doing so until the day before it was read. I was in a hurry then, and I didn't write it with as much care as I should or perhaps I might have added some other causes. I did not know it would ever get into the newspapers, but there was a reporter at the meeting, which was supposed to contain no one but members of the league and their invited friends."

It will be recalled that Miss Goggin's ninth and conclusive reason was "because he had not proposed." In referring afterward to this reason Miss Goggin is said to have archly suggested that perhaps a strong accent might properly be placed on the personal pro-

noun. "The full measure of humor in the whole affair will never be appreciated by those who do not know Miss Goggin well," one of her close friends said. "She is the most charming girl and with the sweetest disposition of any girl I ever knew, and it is no secret among her intimate friends that more than one desirable party in Chicago would be happy if Miss Goggin would smile on him."

But if Miss Goggin still adheres to specifications set forth in her "nine reasons," and there is every reason to believe that she does, the fortunate man must be an orphan, he must not like ladies, he must not believe in the use of pet names, he must not part his hair in the middle, he must not think of demanding an itemized account of household expenditures, he must not smoke cigars, he must dress well, though abjuring red neckties and fancy waistcoats, but would be permitted to wear a shawbrock colored cravat on St. Patrick's day, and must have some money, not necessarily a fortune, but enough to pay car fare.

HENRY W. MILLER.

WILLS BRAIN TO CORNELL.

Professor Goldwin Smith Will Keep a Promise Made as a Joke.

Professor Goldwin Smith, according to a Toronto special to the New York Times, has willed his brain to Cornell university. Mr. Smith said the other night:

"I have hitherto looked upon this thing as a joke, but now I see it has been taken seriously. I shall certainly keep my promise made to Professor Wilder of Cornell. A short time ago I met this gentleman, who is the professor of physiology, and we got to talking on the subject of brain. He informed me that he made a specialty of brains and was collecting them for his museum. In a joking way I told him he could have mine when I was finished with it. The whole thing was done in a joking way, but now that the matter has been taken seriously I will certainly make arrangements that my promise shall be carried out. I am now in my eightieth year, and the legacy may fall soon."

MAY TAKE A CENTURY.

Philippines Can't Be Civilized in a Hurry, Says General Chaffee.

General A. H. Chaffee and his aids arrived in Chicago the other day. Vice Governor Luke E. Wright of the Philippines accompanied General Chaffee.

General Chaffee said to a reporter of the New York World: "The Philippines have practically given up expectation of accomplishing anything against the United States by force. What the American people must do now is to hold to their word, and then surely in time the great archipelago will enjoy the blessings of a thoroughly organized and beneficent civilized government."

"One must not think that such an outcome can be reached in forty days. Indeed, 100 years would be more like the proper time."

An Unusual Spectacle.

The cruiser Albany will come to the United States after the Caribbean maneuvers, and then will be presented the unusual spectacle of a United States warship visiting the United States for the first time, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Herald. The Albany is of course manned by a Yankee crew, and she flies the stars and stripes, but she has never touched at an American port. The Albany, which, incidentally, was not her first name, was ordered by the Brazilian government at Elswick, England. About four years ago she was purchased by the United States and christened the Albany. Since that time she has been in many parts of the world, but never in United States waters.

Yale Students Must Swim.

The Yale faculty has decided that every student ought to be able to swim and has introduced swimming as a part of the compulsory gymnastic course of the freshman year.

Chivalrous.



Teacher—Johnny, you've been fighting. Johnny—Yes'm, Jimmy Brown said his teacher was prettier than you, an' I licked him till he took it back.—New

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A good 5-roomed house near Greenwood. Price very cheap, \$1,250. \$150 cash, \$15 per month. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—An 8-room almost new cottage house on Second street, South Connellville at bargain price, \$1,575. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—One 4-room house in brick row, South Side; price \$875. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—East Connellville choice lots, \$50 to \$200. \$1 per week payments. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—Good 5-room house, Lot 66x155. Near B. & O. shops. Price only \$1,300. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—A 6-room house three-fourth acres of ground, near Gibson school house. Only \$1,800. Half cash. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—Lots in South Connellville, \$300. Kobacker's.

FOR RENT—Near town, small farm, excellent fruit trees, good buildings, seven acres; rent only \$100 per year. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—A farm of 50 acres near Hammondville with buildings that cost \$5,000, will sell for \$5,200 cash. \$1,200 balance on six-year mortgage at 4%. Kobacker's.

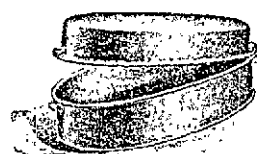
FOR SALE—Several good houses. Desirably located. Reasonable prices. Easy Terms. Kobacker's.

FOR RENT—Two small farms. Good soil; comfortable houses; cheap rents. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—\$200 for centrally located lot in Connellville. Kobacker's.

FOR SALE—Along Fairview avenue, lot 40x132, on paved street. Immense bargain, only \$150. Kobacker's.

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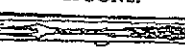
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GRANT AND VICKSBURG

A FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY WAR STORY

November 29 to December 2, 1862

(Copyright, 1902, by C. L. Kilmer.)

NOV. 29, 1862, General Washburn's Federal cavalry dashed into the town of Grenada, Miss., in the rear of the Confederate army guarding Vicksburg on the north. At that date the Confederates, led by General Pemberton, who afterward became the stubborn defender of Vicksburg, held a position on the south bank of the Tallahatchie river forty miles north of Grenada. The troops were part of the regular garrison of Vicksburg, which had moved out of the works to meet and oppose the march of Grant southward on the overland campaign against the noted Mississippi stronghold, which was set on foot in the early part of the month.

The purpose of Washburn's dash was to destroy the railroad behind Pemberton, but he failed to accomplish that. However, the raid showed Pemberton the weakness of his position. Washburn had ridden in from the northwest, coming from Helena, and was acting independent of Grant. Three days after Washburn's blow Grant's advance cavalry crossed the Tallahatchie above Pemberton's position, and these two movements, with the prompt crossing over of two columns of Grant's infantry, caused Pemberton to retire southward toward the Yallahusha.

The movement of Grant toward Vicksburg lacked rapidity for two reasons. He had to repair the railroads and the bridges as he advanced southward for the purpose of keeping up rail communication with his base in Kentucky and with Memphis, on the Mississippi, the rendezvous for troops sent to reinforce the army. For another thing Grant's own status was not clearly outlined. He had recently been appointed to the command of the department of Tennessee and supposed that he would control all the troops operating against Vicksburg.

But while the troops in several columns were moving toward the point of concentration for attack on Pemberton the war department prepared a plan for an attack down the Mississippi river from Memphis and asked Grant to spare troops for the purpose. He had committed himself to the overland movement. In order to insure supplies for the troops all the provisions of the country, and these were in abundance, had been gathered into the stores. Grant believed that if necessary the army could live off the country it passed through on a lengthy campaign.

For some weeks, or all through the month of November, while the Federals were crossing from Tennessee into Mississippi, the outposts of both armies had frequently met in skirmishes and General Pemberton was kept informed of the movements of

ment by detaching large bodies of troops to support another plan. He believed that a steady advance overland would compel the Confederates to draw all their strength to the defense of the territory threatened. Even in the event of another Federal expedition down the river, he held that his own march overland would induce the Confederates to mass their strength on his front to impede his progress southward, and all the troops retained there would by just so much weaken the true defenders of Vicksburg. As the matter stood the first week in December, Pemberton was

calling upon the authorities at Richmond for reinforcements to cope with Grant. He asked that troops be sent him from the army of Bragg in east Tennessee and from the force west of the Mississippi, where there was then no active enemy to contend with.

Grant controlled in the limits of his department 50,000 troops. His movement southward was three times checked by orders from the war department, which favored the expedition down the river. It was finally given discretion in the case, but cautioned not to "go too far" in the march overland against Pemberton. Sherman commanded two divisions in Grant's army and had held them at Memphis. Grant at last intended to take all his force against Pemberton, and Sherman joined him about the time his infantry crossed the Tallahatchie, Dec. 2.

There were weighty reasons against a divided movement upon Vicksburg over the land and water routes. The Confederates held interior lines and could easily use the same troops to fight Grant's column in Mississippi and one going down the river, while these columns could only support each other by the long course back to Memphis and then to the point of danger many days' travel to the front. Seeing, however, that the war department was firm in its purpose to make an attack down the river, even though Grant should go ahead on the course he had adopted overland, that general called Sherman into his councils, and the result was that Sherman and not Grant led the first formidable attack upon the fortifications of Vicksburg.

After considerable telegraphing with Washington, Grant was ordered to have 20,000 troops at Memphis for an attack down the river. A large part of these troops was to be new recruits, and it was known that General J. A. McClernand, then stationed in Illinois, was raising men for the purpose of an expedition down the river. McClernand was of higher rank than Sherman and had authority from the president and secretary of war to command the river expedition independent of Grant.

In order to forestall McClernand, Grant, who finally got authority to either lead the troops he was to send with the expedition down the river in person or appoint another to the task, sent Sherman. Sherman's instructions were to take one of his own divisions and the troops of General Curtis, then at Memphis, and proceed at once down the Mississippi and with the aid of the gunboats reduce the Confederate fortress. By prompt action Sherman's expedition got under way before McClernand was ready, and he retained the chief command to the end.

After Sherman had cut loose from Grant and the forces were separated there was a new problem for the commander in northern Mississippi. Should he be defeated in battle the Confederates could overrun west Tennessee and even Kentucky and, once in the rear of Sherman, destroy his supplies and take Memphis in his rear. The new situation, therefore, imposed extra caution upon Grant. Against his own judgment he had divided his army in the face of the enemy, and either wing was weaker than the enemy when he concentrated his strength, which he could readily do. It was understood between Grant and Sherman that, in case Pemberton refused to stand for battle against Grant's column and marched back to Vicksburg to checkmate Sherman, Grant would follow close on his heels and get into position to attack the Confederate rear while Sherman engaged on the front.

It was expected that Pemberton would look first to the safety of Vicksburg, for that was the problem set before him. Sherman's force was insignificant as compared with all that Pemberton could marshal against him if he chose to ignore Grant. But if Grant could keep Pemberton away from Vicksburg the task would be easy, for the actual garrison of the Vicksburg fortress at the time was only about 6,000 men.

Pemberton's urgent call for more troops to hold Vicksburg against Grant was an evidence that he had little confidence in his ability to guard the immediate fortress and also cover the

large territory adjacent and lying exposed to the Federal columns. But he did not give up the task of warding off the threatened blow. While Grant was planning and making dispositions the Confederate cavalryman Forrest gathered his rough riders in west Tennessee for a dash upon the Mississippi Central railroad, upon which Grant depended for communications with his main base in Kentucky. Forrest had come from Bragg's camp in east Tennessee. Bragg could spare no infantry to re-enforce Pemberton, but he promptly sent what aid he could in the shape of a raiding cavalcade.

While Forrest was preparing for his bold ride behind Grant, Pemberton set on foot a similar expedition with forces nearer home. General Earl Van Dorn, who was at the head of the largest body of the troops held in Mississippi, had the reputation of a dashing leader for mounted men. A raid under his leadership was planned to strike the railroad just in rear of Grant's line and destroy his army stores. These two bolts hung over Grant while he was pushing his way toward the Tallahatchie, with Sherman speeding away in another direction.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

BRAND NEW GAME.

"Vigoro," an Odd Combination of Cricket and Tennis.

Cricket players and tennis players are much interested at present in a new game which is known as "vigoro." It is an odd combination of cricket and tennis and is meeting with much favor from devotees of both games, says the Philadelphia Press.

The main peculiarity of the game is that it is played entirely with rackets and not with the hand. The ball is never caught or thrown, but is constantly batted. Otherwise it is like cricket, and most of the rules of cricket apply to it. Even the bowling is done by racket, just as balls are served in tennis. Instead of the ordinary cricket wickets there are small nets into which the balls are sent.

The game was invented in America and has for some time been played here quietly without making much of a stir, but as soon as it became more widely known its popularity grew rapidly. Its devotees claim many merits for it. It combines, they say, all of the good points of both games from which it is made, putting life and "go" into cricket and doing away with the violence of tennis. That it is far more exciting than ordinary cricket can be easily seen by any one who is familiar with the two games.

THE NEW HANDSHAKE.

Latest Society Innovation Introduced at Horse Show Dinner.

The horse show at New York, just opened, is responsible for a new handshake, says the New York News.

The smart set will adopt it, and for a year at least, until there is another such exhibition, it will obtain in the higher circles.

It was first used at the horse show dinner the other day by Berry Wall. It was immediately taken up by others who were there, and when fashion began to assemble in the immense garden it was quickly noticed that the new handshake was in vogue generally.

The arm is held L shaped against the right hand side of the body, where it hangs naturally and gracefully. The fore part is stretched out on a direct line. Hands are then grasped, and the shake takes place in a swaying motion to and fro. In other words, the hand goes to the right and left, not up and down. The swing is from the elbow. There is no wrist movement. No certain number of sways constitute the proper shake. There may be only one; there may be a dozen. It simply depends on the existing feeling between those greeting each other.

The Lucky Man in the Case.

"Do you remember Miss May, the girl who had such a bad disposition? Well, she is married."

"Indeed! Who is the lucky man?"

"Fred."

"Why, he is the one she discarded."

"Just so. That is why I say he is lucky!"—Chicago News.

Seeking Information.



"Sense me, sir, but will you kindly recommend to me some good, reliable matrimonial agency?"—New York Journal.

His Diplomacy.



She (coolly)—How old do you really think I am?

He (bravely)—I haven't the slightest idea, but you certainly don't look as old as you look.—Chicago American.

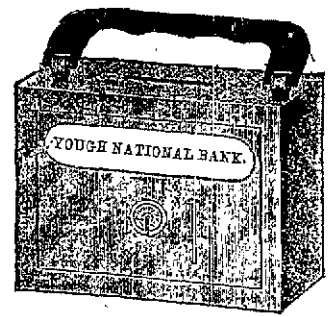
LOANS INSURANCE BONDS

We are always ready to talk business on any of the above subjects, and have no hesitancy in saying that our facilities for accommodating you in either line are as good as the best, and that our contracts are seldom equaled and never excelled.

H. A. Crow,

General Insurance, Loans and Surety Agent.

208 Title & Trust Building, CONNELLSVILLE.



One of These Banks

will lay the foundation for your fortune.

COME IN . . . and let us show you how it works.

THE YOUGH NATIONAL BANK

pays interest on all savings accounts.

THE CITIZENS' NATIONAL BANK OF CONNELLSVILLE.

Capital. - \$100,000.

INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.

Solicits a Share of Your Business.

OFFICERS:

F. E. MARKELL, President
W. H. BROWN, 1st Vice President
J. S. DETWILER, 2nd Vice President
ROBT. W. SOISSON, Cashier
E. L. SHERRICK, Teller

DIRECTORS:

B. F. Boyts, J. R. Laughrey,
John D. Sherrick, F. E. Markell,
W. H. Brown, F. T. Adams,
T. J. Mitchell, H. F. Atkinson,
S. E. Frock, H. M. Kerr,
John S. Detwiler, J. D. Jackson,
J. R. Davidson.

138 North Pittsburg Street, Markell Building.

The Second National Bank OF CONNELLSVILLE, PA.

Is prepared to serve you in every department of banking.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$50,000.00
SURPLUS, - - - - - \$90,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, - - - \$15,000.08

Interest paid on Savings Accounts.



Total Assets, \$1,250,000

It Is The Wife

who is often the money saver of the family. Some women have a knack of making a dollar go just about twice as far as a man could.

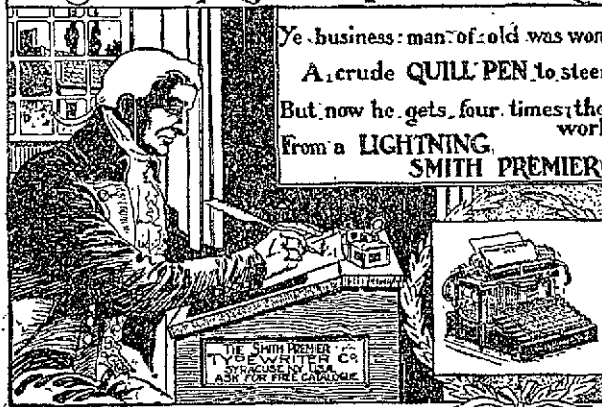
Women should remember, though, that the best place for their savings is a strong bank. Money left about the house is never safe. Better bring it to us, where it will be absolutely secure and earn more money for you.

Our Auxiliary Bank will help you to save—Call and get one.

The First National Bank

Main St., Connellsville, Pa.

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER



Ye business man of old was wont
A crude QUILL PEN to steer.
But now he gets four times the work
From a LIGHTNING SMITH PREMIER

The Smith Premier is the Best Typewriter in the World.
H. P. Snyder, Agent, Connellsville.



WASHBURN'S CAVALRY DASH AT GRENADA. The enemy as well as the strength of his foe. Pemberton's headquarters were at Jackson, Miss., a point east of Vicksburg. He commanded, all told, about 40,000 men. The front line was under the leadership of General Earl Van Dorn, who had fought Rosecrans at Corinth in October. Van Dorn had about 24,000 men and 10,000 more were in garrison at Vicksburg and Port Hudson.

Having brought his army into close touch with the enemy in Mississippi, Grant was loath to weaken his move-

The Connellsville Courier.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

H. P. SNYDER, Editor and Publisher,
127 1/2 West Main Street,
CONNELLVILLE, PA.

Entered at the postoffice at Connellsville,
Pa., as second-class matter

SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily, \$3.00 per year, 1 cent per copy.
Weekly, \$1.00 per year, 5c per copy.

ADVERTISING.

The Weekly Courier has long been recognized as the best advertising medium in the Connellsville coal region, and this reputation will be fully sustained by The Daily Courier. Schedule of advertising rates furnished on application.

Notice to Advertisers.

Changes of display advertisements must be in this office by 3 P. M. to insure their insertion the following day.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

This is the day when the American people are requested by official proclamation to be thankful for the goodness of the Great Ruler and the bounty of the world vouchsafed to them during the past year, but we fear there is more stuffing than praying, more indigestion than thanksgiving, more merrymaking than praising of God.

The old Puritan custom has changed with the times, and the change is natural. The country and the people are different. The stern, unbending, unsmiling, dreary and desolate theology of the Pilgrim Fathers has been softened by time and broadened by growing toleration of the sects. The sweeping advances of our higher civilization have made these conditions possible, and no one doubts but that there will be further advances and better conditions.

Thanksgiving Day has come to be recognized as one of the nation's holidays, and it's nothing against it that something of sunshine has been woven into its original sombre wool. The turkey and the mince pies may be eaten with merry as well as with thankful hearts.

The Courier hopes that everybody will have a square meal, be thankful, be happy and have stomachs that will not go on a strike.

Pleasing to the Eye.
Irwin Standard.

Editor Snyder's Daily edition of the Connellsville Courier was issued for the first time on Monday. The paper is just what could be expected coming from the publisher of one of the best weeklies in the country, pleasing to the eye and filled with readable matter and artistically displayed ads. Editor Snyder believes in doing things well and he has left nothing undone to give his town an up-to-date daily paper, that already has "success" imprinted on its every page.

Bright and Clean.
McKeesport Times.

Connellsville now has a new daily paper. H. P. Snyder has begun the daily issue of The Courier which has long been an authority in that section as a weekly paper. The new daily is bright and clean and ought to be welcomed by the people it will serve. Mr. Snyder, the publisher, is one of the notable newspaper men of Western Pennsylvania.

Bright and Crisp.
Greensburg Tribune.

The initial number of the Daily Courier of Connellsville reached our sanctum today. It is an eight page, five column paper and is filled with local news and bright crisp advertisements. In politics it will be Republican. H. P. Snyder, its editor and publisher, has our best wishes for its unbounded success.

Evidence of Success.
Cumberland Courier.

H. P. Snyder, editor and publisher of the Connellsville Weekly Courier, has begun the publication of a daily. The paper gives evidence of success from the start. Its editorials will be a leading feature.

Clerical Orders for 1903.

Pursuant to its usual custom, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will issue clerical orders for the year 1903 to ordained clergymen having regular charge of churches located on or near their lines. Clergymen desiring such orders should make individual application for same on blanks furnished by the company through its agents. Applications should reach the general office of the company by December 21st, so that orders may be mailed December 31st to all clergymen entitled to receive them.

Great Thanksgiving Sale

IN Dining Room Furniture

Has attracted many buyers to our Store.

If you have a Sideboard want,
A Dining Chair want,
A Dining Table want,
A China Closet want,

You should not fail to grasp the opportunity
by buying at this EXTRAORDINARY SALE.

The Aaron Co.

Successors to I. AARON,
Corner Pittsburg and Apple Streets, CONNELLVILLE, PA.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Live News Notes Gathered From all Parts of the Town.

Pattern hats at about one-half price at The Fair.

Contractor Bernard O'Connor is busy these days arranging for the big paving contract which he has on hand for the borough of Dunlar. The contract includes the paving of about a mile of streets, beside the building of a number of retaining walls and pavements.

On Wednesday morning Grand & Strawn, brick contractors, were awarded the contract for the brick work on the new Pennsylvania depot by the contractors, the Fayette Lumber Company. Thirty thousand brick will be used on the job. Work will commence in a few days.

The Rotational Club was organized at the home of John Curry Tuesday evening. The officers are E. S. Goldsmith, President, Clara McCartney, Secretary, and Anna Curry, Treasurer. Meetings will be held at the homes of the members every two weeks on Tuesday evenings. The next meeting will be at the home of Miss McCartney.

The following persons from Connellsville and New Haven attended the eucbre given by Mrs. R. E. Umbel at the Laurel Club, Uniontown, Tuesday evening: Dr. and Mrs. T. H. White and Miss White, parents and sister of Mrs. Umbel, Colonel and Mrs. J. M. Reid and Miss May Reid, Harry White, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph T. Johnston, Miss Eleanor Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Antebell, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Cauds, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wharton, Miss Wharton, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis Phillips, Miss Gertrude Markle, Howard Markle, Guy Ramsey. Mrs. Reid won the second ladies' prize.

At the Immaculate Conception Church Wednesday morning at 9:30 a double wedding took place. The contracting parties were: Frank Cunningham of Somerset county and Miss Mary Jennings of Perryopolis, James Dillon and Miss Margaret Laughman, both of near New Haven. Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock Miss Mary Ellen Andrews and Andrew Miller were married. Both live at Trotter. Miss Pearl Sherrick of East Main street and Walter Morgan were married at Cumberland, Md., Monday. They will make their home in Connellsville. Frank B. Reed of Connellsville and Miss Viola Dayton of Vanderbilt were married at Vanderbilt Tuesday evening by Rev. Shape. The couple will make their home in Connellsville.

CONNELLVILLE THEATRE.

FRID. ROBBINS, Manager.

Thanksgiving Day Matinee
and Night, Nov. 27,

The Sensational . . .
Railroad Tramp Drama.

"SIDETRACKED"

SEE The Funny Tramp.
The Fast Freight.
The Flight of the Limited
Hand-Car.

Prices: Matinee, 15 and 25c.
Night, 25, 35, 50, 75c.

Seats on Sale at Clarke's Jewelry Store.

NOTICE.

This is to inform our friends and the public generally, that J. E. Sims is

NO LONGER IN OUR EMPLOY,
his place being filled by CHAS. C. MITCHELL as FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.

MORRIS & CO.,

242 N. Pittsburg St., Opp. Opera House
Bell Phone 32. Tri-State 117.

People's Upholstering Company,

Main Street, near New Haven, Pa.
S. W. P. R. Depot.

All kinds of Furniture Repaired,
Refinished, Upholstered and Polished.
Carpet Laying, Mattresses Renovated. Good work guaranteed. All Mail Orders will receive prompt attention.

Bell Telephone.

A Lucky Deal

And a Great Opportunity!

The entire sample line of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Cloaks of a leading Cleveland house, manufacturers of fine Cloaks, bought at 60c on the dollar. Fully 200 of the most beautiful and latest styles of Coats ever brought to this town.

These Coats are now ready for your inspection.

Sale begins at once.

Good things for those who come at once.

The Fair,

103 W. Main St., Connellsville.

THE THEATRE TO-DAY.

Matinee and Night Performance of "Sidetracked" at Local Play House.

A "COUNTRY KID" IS COMING.

And the Attraction for Saturday Matinee and Night Will be the Whole-some Comedy Hunting for Hawkins, A Recent Chicago Success.

"Sidetracked," the attraction scheduled for the Theatre tonight, contains enough entertaining diversity to keep an audience in continual hilarity and runs the gamut of sensation, farce, melodrama and variety. A murder is committed, a theatrical company have a rehearsal at a railroad station, a pretty lunch-counter girl falls in love with a tramp who eventually becomes as attractive a lover as any girl could wish. Pretty girls sing and dance themselves into popularity and "Sidetracked" moves along without a dull moment, with the soubrette and the tramp in the lead. Sensational climaxes are found in the scenes of railroad contrivances. The tramp's first appearance is from the doors of a passing freight car, and later he is seen riding on the cowcatcher of an engine as it comes dashing across the stage.

"A Country Kid," which is from the pen of that well known author and playwright, Nesbit Stone Scoville, will be presented at the Theatre, matinee and night, Saturday, November 29th, with a company headed by Mr. Scoville. "A Country Kid" is a play that might be called a rural idyl. The scenes are for the most part laid in the country but there are a few city scenes, just enough to give coloring to the production. The characters are all ably drawn. They are true to life. There are the kind hearted father and his good natured wife, the country girl, brim full of life, and the boy that works on the farm. There are the elegant city lady and her villainous husband, who finally comes to grief; the erring and repentant city boy who wanted to see life and saw it in every phase. There is the tramp who assists to bring the villain to bay. Then, of course, there are the usual love scenes, the country girl winning the farm hand, who in his own peculiar way has loved her all the time.

"Hunting for Hawkins," a melange of hilarious, wholesome fun, catchy music, clever specialties, pretty dances and handsome costumes constitute J. J. Gilligwater's production. "Hunting for Hawkins." No cleverer or brighter farce has ever been placed before the public, and the best endorsement is the demand by local managers for return dates. "Hunting for Hawkins" is from the pen of Guy F. Stealy, whose comic opera, "The Storaks," proved the most successful recent musical production in Chicago. With a clever company and a story that holds one's interest and forms the framework for the introduction of numerous songs and dances, "Hunting for Hawkins" offers three hours of fun, music and enjoyment. The engagement in this city is for one night only, at the Connellsville Theatre, Tuesday, December 2nd.

PRITTS' FARM SALE.

U. S. Court Officers Reported to be Investigating.

According to a story printed in the Pittsburg papers the United States Court authorities are looking up the sale of a part of the William Pritts farm in Sallick township to P. A. Johns, who proposes to build a distillery there. When "Bill" Pritts was convicted of moonshining and fined \$100 and sentenced to three months imprisonment he was discharged at the end of his jail sentence as an indigent prisoner upon his oath that he was not worth over \$20 in real or personal property.

There will be no trouble over the sale. P. A. Johns, who is Register and Recorder of Fayette county, is in a position to know just where the title to the Pritts acreage he wants is vested. A Uniontown attorney told a Courier reporter at the time Pritts was convicted that there was no deed recorded for the Pritts farm. Whether or not one has been recorded since that is not known.

DAISY LONGANECKER.

LONGANECKER.—At the home of her parents in Moyer, Tuesday, November 25th, 1902, of consumption, Miss Daisy Longanecker, aged 22 years. She had been ill for several months, for the past three weeks her condition being very serious, and her death was not unexpected. An older brother died of the same malady in August. The funeral will be held from the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Longanecker, today at 2 P. M. Services at the Mt. Olive Church at 3 P. M. Interment in Mt. Olive Cemetery.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Live News Notes Gathered From all Parts of the Town.

Buy your coats at 60c on the dollar at sale at The Fair.

Amadee Gans of Uniontown was a caller in town Wednesday afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stillwagon are home to spend Thanksgiving with relatives.

200 fine coats, a sample line bought at 60c on the dollar now on sale at The Fair.

Mrs. W. H. Berger will go for a short visit with friends in Mt. Pleasant tomorrow.

Lindsey Gans of Uniontown is spending today with John McCormick, South Side.

I. Ronesburg of Mill Run was among the visitors in the Young Metropolis Wednesday.

D. B. Baker of Washington, Pa., in the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. Dunn, Prospect street.

John H. Barge is very seriously ill with pneumonia at his home, No. 125 South Arch street.

Mrs. A. H. Blair of New Haven spent several days with Mrs. W. M. Herbert of Delmont.

Mrs. J. R. Skelly of Wilmersburg is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Blair of New Haven.

Owing to the backward season fine sample line of coats bought at 60c on the dollar on sale at The Fair.

Mrs. P. A. Marx of Washington will spend several months visiting friends and relatives in and about New Haven.

Mrs. John Barge went to Washington, Pa., yesterday to spend Thanksgiving with her daughter, Mrs. Ross Porter.

Superintendent Henderson of the Paul plant of the W. J. Rainey interests, was a business caller in town yesterday.

Miss Frances Cameron, a teacher in the Fourth Ward school, went Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving at her home near Leont.

The deeds were recorded Wednesday for the sale of the Webb and Springer farms, east of town, to E. T. Norton and J. A. Guller.

Mrs. B. F. Boyts returned Wednesday evening from Washington, D. C., where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Webster Elderly.

Mrs. John D. Frisbee returned Wednesday evening from a few days visit at the home of her uncle, John Long, at Haloway, Belmont county, Ohio.

Dr. S. D. Woods and family went to Pittsburg Wednesday evening to spend Thanksgiving with their daughter, Mrs. R. J. McDowell, at Inghram.

James S. Mills, J. A. Rhodes, C. M. Leonard, all employed on the power plant at Fayette, went Wednesday evening to Pittsburg to spend Thanksgiving.

Ground was broken yesterday for the new apartment house recently planned by Andrew Haas, which will be built on the Arch street end of the Haas Hotel property.

Alexander Eicher, Jr., of Greensburg, Quartermaster Sergeant of the Tenth Infantry, N. G. P., was a Connellsville visitor Wednesday. He was registered at the Marietta Hotel.

Willard Morris, who is attending the engineering department of the West Virginia University at Morgantown, is home spending Thanksgiving with his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Morris, East Main street.

John Hontsker, the Slavish bartender who was struck over the head with a beer glass by John Malow, is in a serious condition. Complications have arisen that will make his recovery slow.

Warren Makish, a Slavish miner of Star Junction, was received at the Cottage hospital yesterday morning. A week ago his leg was injured by a fall of slate in the mine. It was amputated at his home.

James H. Sheppard of the Internal Revenue Service, who has been located at Overholt's distillery, Broad Ford, for the past several months, will go next Monday to Dillinger's plant at Alverton, Pa., as storekeeper.

A. D. Newell of New Castle, Pa., and Herbert Frisbee of town returned Wednesday evening from a hunting trip in the vicinity of Confluence. They had poor success and report game scarce all over that section.

Leon Storey of Sistersville, W. Va., is in town seeing his Grand Army comrades. He is a past commander of William F. Kurtz Post No. 104. He is known as "Society" around the camp fires, where he is always welcome.

Richard Kogan, Superintendent of the construction of the new power plant of the Pittsburg, McKeesport & Connellsville Railway Company at Fayette station, went Wednesday to spend Thanksgiving at his home in Indiana.

H. K. Brooks, proprietor of the Brooks House at Normalville, and J. H. Anderson, also of Normalville, who is interested in the new mountain railroad from Moyer east, were in town conferring with some business people Wednesday.

Elmer Shaw, whose fall from the Windsor building on the South Side was reported in these columns a short time ago, will soon be able to leave the Cottage State Hospital. His injury was serious and his recovery is remarkable.

THIS STORE CLOSSES AT 6 P. M.

DUNN'S CASH STORES.

Longer Hours.

Commencing Monday, Dec. 1st, this store will be open every evening until 8 o'clock. That's two hours more added to each day for your Christmas shopping. Days will be none too long, either, when you stop to consider what a short time it is until Christmas is here. Pretty good time these evenings to look around and see this store and its Christmas goods.

We're Interesting the Men Folk.

More of them coming to this store than at any previous Christmas season. And here's a secret for you women folk: lots of you are going to be glad that we've told you about this dress goods department. But here's another list for the men—making it as easy as we can for them. Best way is for you to see to it that they see this ad.

Handkerchiefs.

Commence these at 5c and stop at \$2 each. Only excuse we have for asking you to buy now is to get a better pick of the choicest kinds. Half dozen of these, neatly boxed, makes a present that anyone would appreciate. No woman ever had enough handkerchiefs.

Lace Curtains.

From \$2 a pair up to \$10. Two pair or 3 pair—enough for the room they're intended for—makes a present that the woman of the house would be pleased to receive.

Merritt's Comforts.

Told you men about these before, but they'll bear a second telling. If you've not seen them you ought to, then you'll know how good and how nice they are. \$3, uncovered; \$3.50 and \$4.50, covered with silkoline. Better every way you could think than down—half the price.

Carpet Size Rugs.

Tapestry, Body Brussels, Axminster and Wilton, priced from \$15 up to \$40, and with these a new material for the floor around the rug, the best imitation of hard wood that's been produced so far. Better in many ways, too, than the real hard wood; easier put down for one thing, not near so expensive for another. 85c a square yard, and that includes the laying.

Umbrellas.

Going to have a showing of Umbrellas here that you don't want to pass by. More Umbrellas, too, than you'll expect to see—every style and variety that's worth showing. Start them at \$1 and stop them at \$10.

The Burnt Wood and Burnt Leather Novelties.

Monday next going to put these on display. Lots of little things to start the prices at a quarter; plenty more for 50c and then on up to \$1 and on up. That's one reason that makes it worth your while to pay this store a visit these evenings—more time, perhaps, to look around.

DUNN'S CASH STORES.

129, 131, 133 N. PITTSBURG STREET, CONNELLVILLE, PA.

Again We Remind You

With our constantly increasing trade our walls are fairly bulging out with goods, and as more are coming in every day we are going to make prices that will not only surprise you but will save you enough money to buy your Christmas gifts.

Millinery Department.

To this department we call special attention. When you purchase a hat here you are sure of getting the correct shape and style, for we aim to get the best the New York market affords.

We have all the new trimmings of the latest styles for your inspection in charming Trimmed Hats for ladies, in velvet, in both felt and scratch felt, in prices from \$9.98, \$7.43, \$4.98, down to..... \$2.98

We have a large line of Misses' and Children's Trimmed Hats to select from. These hats are trimmed in silk ribbons, felt and birds, from \$1.98 and \$2.48 down to..... 99c

THANKSGIVING will soon be here and you want some good Table Linen for the occasion.

40 cent Bleached White Table Linen, 1½ yards wide, at per yard only..... 25c

75 cent Bleached White Table Linen, neat fly leaf pattern, 1½ yards wide, for only, per yard..... 49c

PILLOWS. Large, full weight Pillows, nice, soft feathers, good ticking covers, for only, each..... 55c

FEATHERS. Specially Selected Geese and Duck Feathers, per pound..... 50c

Underwear Department.

Men's Fleece lined Shirts with Drawers to match, 50c value, each..... 29c

Men's Extra Wool, Fleece-lined Shirts, Drawers to match, good value at 75c, for only..... 49c

Men's Natural Wool Shirts, Drawers to match, usual price \$1, at only each..... 50c

Men's Fine Natural Wool Double Breasted Shirts, Drawers to match, worth \$1.25 for each..... 99c

Men's Fine Medicated All-Wool Scarlet Shirts, Drawers to match. The usual price is \$1.25; only each..... 99c

Boys' Heavy Fleece Shirts, Drawers to match, 25c value..... 19c

Men's heavy Jersey Over-shirts, value 65c, only..... 49c

Boys' Heavy Wool Fleece Shirts, Drawers to match, extra good values at 40 cents, only each..... 25c

Men's Good Working Shirts, 25c, 25c and up to..... 49c

Ladies' Heavy Jersey Ribbed Vests, 20c value..... 14c

Ladies' Fine Jersey Ribbed and Fleece Vests, Pants to match, each..... 25c

Ladies' Fine Ribbed and Fleece Union Suits, regular 65 cent and 75 cent value, per suit only..... 49c

Misses' Natural Union Suits, value 35c only..... 23c

Misses' and Children's Heavy Ribbed and Fleece Shirts, Pants to match, 8c, 10c, 12c, 15c, and up to, each..... 25c

Indispensable Articles.

8 cakes Lenox Laundry Soap, 25c.

9 cakes C. S. Moll Laundry Soap, 25c.

6 cakes Ivory Toilet Soap, 25c.

4-pound box Gold Dust, 17c.

2 cakes Iron Wax for 5c.

Mrs. Potts' Iron Handles, 5c each.

Porcelain White Bowl and Pitcher, 75c.

Porcelain White Soap Jar with Pail, 95c.

Porcelain White Cups and Saucers, 40c set.

Mineral Oil 1c bottle.

Wood Black Ink, 3c bottle.

Enamel Stove Polish, 4c per box.

Mantels for Gas Burners, 10c each.

8 Slate Pencils for 1c.

Filled Pencil Boxes, 5c each.

6 Colored Drawing Pencils, 4c box.

No. 1 Lamp Chimneys, 4c, and No. 2 at 5c each.

No. 1 Lamp Burners 4c, and No. 2 at 5c each.

1-4 Agate Buttons for 4c.

Felt Window Blinds, 5c each.

Oil Window Blinds, value 50c, our price 25c.

Large box Toothpicks, 4c.

New York Racket Store,

C. E. SCHMITZ, Proprietor.

166 W. Main St.,

Connellsville.

BE CURIOUS...

Just drop in and see for yourself the complete assortment of Ladies' \$3, \$3.50 and \$4 Fine Shoes we are showing. Possibly we can show you some styles you thought could not be bought in Connellsville. There are styles and shapes enough to suit your ideas exactly. Some very pretty Blucher patterns, arched instep, hand sewed soles, high Cuban heels. Pretty as they can be made. Sizes and widths to fit you correctly.

SOLD ON THEIR MERITS.

Norris & Hooper,

104 West Main Street, Connellsville, Pa.



By having them fitted by
EUGENE HEARD SPECTACLE CO.,
LEGITIMATE OPTICIANS,
705 Penn Ave., near 7th St., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. E. SIMS,

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OUR NATIVE TREES

By
THOMAS H. MACBRIDE, Ph. D.,
Professor of Botany, Iowa State University.

XII.—The Geographical Story of Trees.

THE earliest terrestrial plants were doubtless very lowly creeping things, some of them probably not unlike the insignificant liverworts that adorn the damp and shady corners of our northern world today. We have doubtless all observed these beautiful though less appreciated little things, creeping, ribbonlike structures, covering the ground in woods or spread over the whole moist surface of a perpendicularly rocky wall hard by some spring or stream. The earliest terrestrial plants, so far as can be guessed, were not unlike some of these. We may imagine them covering all the ground in those faroff days, struggling constantly among themselves for room. For plants, as for some other things, there is but one direction in which room increases as we go. That direction is upward. And so our terrestrial plants no doubt soon learned to push their branches upward, the better to secure the light and air. But the relief is only temporary. Once the upward habit is indulged forthwith ensues new rivalry. Crowding becomes as intolerable as before. Every rising plant tries hard to overtop its fellows. At first the stems lean one upon another and so remain erect. Among the stiffer plants derive advantage, and those with forming woody tissues able to stand alone far outreach and overshadow all the rest. These changes, of course, no one has seen, but in some such way we may assume the plants of ancient times attained at length arboreal habit. For such accomplishments there was no lack of time, as the geological record shows. For ages the earth was filled with vegetation before ever a tree or a tree-like plant appeared.

In order to appreciate properly what geology has to tell about the history of trees on the planet, it will be necessary for us to understand the manner in which students of the earth's history divide past terrestrial time. The recorded history of the earth, recorded by the succession of stratified rocks, names several definite ages or periods of past time, each represented by a distinct system of the stony strata. If we call these time divisions each by the name of its rock system, we may have, beginning with the oldest, the archæan, laurentian, cambrian, shuriano, devonian, carboniferous, triassic, jurassic, cretaceous, tertiary and recent. Let this be for us simply a time card to which we may refer what is known of the history of trees. It must be borne in mind, however, that these names describe periods by no means of equal length. The first three or four represent perhaps greater length of time than all the rest put together. Any one of them, however, is far enough away from us in time, for the duration of these geologic periods was vast beyond all human computation. Now, the oldest arboreal plants come to us from the devonian. Very curious looking trees they must have been, having little resemblance to any of our modern forms save in the fact that they had woody tissues and stood erect. Some of them were fifty or a hundred feet high and had a diameter of one to three feet at the ground. But they were nevertheless untree-like. They had no twigs, no leafy branches, no flowers, no seeds. They were instead covered all over with leaves, scalelike leaves. There were branches, not many, and these were covered, too, with leaves. The Chili pine, for all its scales, its green leafy cone as well, bears seeds. Our earliest tree, this devonian forerunner of all the forests, had no seeds. It was reproduced by spores, and these in development were conditioned as described, depended

upon water for the mating of the cells. In fact, the oldest trees of earth were not unlike overgrown Broddingnag types of the little ground pine or club moss which carpets the woodlands of Canada and spreads beneath our modern trees over all the eastern states. If we could imagine in the case of our eastern forest all the trees of present type removed and the ground given up to club mosses, and if we could then fancy these towering like leaf columns with yellow spikes of spores far above our heads, we might so form some conception of the earliest tree that has left of itself a record on the earth. There was, however, after all, some variety.

By no means all alike were those old forest trees. The number of types then extant was not great indeed, but every type terrestrial took on arboreal form. In devonian times even our securing rushes or joint rushes seem to have played the role of trees, and so with many of the ferns. The very first forest was a spore bearing forest. The trees were big enough and plenty enough, but a lumberman might think them of little value after all. They were either hollow or else had enormous pith, so that the amount of wood even in the largest specimen was comparatively small. Nevertheless these old trees did have value. These forests lived on to cover the earth in the subsequent carboniferous time, in the age of coal, and no doubt contributed their share of organic material, of leaves and bark and spores and wood, to form vast beds of fuel that, as we know, make possible the wealth and convenience of the present.

But the devonian has something better than club mosses and ferns to show us, even if these did assume the size of trees. Bigness is not always a synonym for excellence. From rocks of different parts of the northern hemisphere, rocks belonging to the middle devonian, we have fossil coniferous wood, specimens representing the modern cone bearers—larches, spruces, yews and pines. All the trees referred to, the spore bearing trees, seem to have been confined to marshes and the damp shores of lakes or lagoons. But the struggle for existence, and especially, as we suppose, the disadvantage of terrestrial fertilization, at length drove some of these arboreal forms to higher ground and different habits. The unwanted spores no longer fell to earth for mere fortuitous union, but in the fruit itself upon the trees the mating of the cells took place, and we have suddenly a real forest of coniferous trees. To be sure, these earlier conifers were not the same as those now living, but they were in a measure like them. Any one familiar with the structure of modern trees can recognize them. Once started they have been prominent in earth's vegetation ever since. Significant, though, these oldest conifers also had abundant pith, one-third the total diameter of the stem or more. It is curious, too, that the earliest of the type did not after all have cones. The fruit was more like that of the glauco, the maidenhair tree of Japan, planted now commonly in parks. Not until after the close of the carboniferous do true cones appear, perhaps not until the jurassic following.

But perchance the reader by this time asks how we can tell about these things so long gone by, what kinds of trees they were and how they grew and where. The answer is twofold—first, we know past ages only by the petrified remnants that lie buried in the rocks, like other fossils—shells, for instance—of which we hear so much, and, second, we understand such fossils only by comparison with existing flora. For example, existing conifers show a microscopic structure in their wood, a structure absolutely definite. When specimens of petrified wood come before us, especially if silicified, the structure is perfectly preserved, and if coniferous we know it as well as if we saw it grow. Now, fossil wood is comparatively abundant, from the devonian, and especially the carboniferous, on down through all overlying formations. Fossil fruits and flowers there also are, all too rare, but now and then a few are found, occasionally even the fruit still hanging to the branch on which it grew, so that the identity is sure.

But the finest witnesses we have of ancient forests are those which mark the advent of deciduous trees. The broad, flat leaf lends itself perfectly to fossilization. Its imprint, once it falls in favorable position, is stereotyped, graven upon the rocks forever. Now, the whole series of cretaceous rocks is filled with leaf impressions, beginning

only a few in the lowest stratum. The upper layers are sometimes packed as if the wind strewn foliage had conditioned in some sort the whole rocky deposition. The leaf of course has vanished, but its impress still remains, its margin, its every vein and veinlet, the very glands sometimes that lent their odors to the air in days so long gone by. Needless to say, many of these forest leaves are strange, unlike any now driven by the autumn winds, and yet some of them are remarkably familiar in appearance. Here are hazel leaves and walnut leaves and poplar leaves. You would have said that they had but fallen from their twigs last year. You recognize them. They are no doubt walnuts, hazels, poplars. Yet they are not quite the leaves of our modern trees. The botanist would write them different species. Sometimes the fossils indicate genera no longer extant on the continent where the fossils lie. Thus our North American rocks afford us cinnamon leaves in rich abundance, but there are no cinnamons growing now on all this side of the world. Our nearest representatives are the laurels and the sassafras. We have already in these chapters referred to the tulip tree, a glorious tree, but the only lone species of the genus now on earth. But in cretaceous times tulip trees flourished all over the northern world, many species in this country and in Europe, ranging south as far as Italy and north as far as Greenland. In fact, everything seems to indicate that for our northern world at least the forests of cretaceous times were richer, more varied, more extended and in every way finer than those we know today. These trees were the immediate ancestors of those we know, the same, yet not quite the same. Conditions on the earth have changed since forests were at their prime, the glory of the world. Vegetation entered first upon life's scene and culminated first, culminated in the deciduous forests that cast their leaves through countless generations along the shores of the cretaceous seas. With the close of the cretaceous a race of terrestrial animals first appears, competitors of the forest, a new factor in environment, changing from that time on the entire trend of biologic differentiation. These were the mammals, the culmination of earth's fauna in the progress of the ages, until at the last, in these most recent times, the destitute of the forest and of the animal world as well rest in the hands of a single creature, the highest mammal, the god of this lower world. His name is man!

[Copyright, 1902, by Lewis D. Sampson.]

HAS THE LOCKJAW HABIT.

Woman Who Was Seized by a Cat Acted From Suggestion.

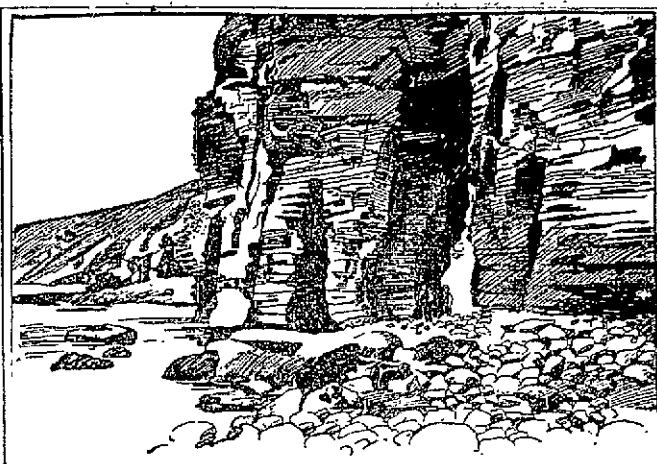
Dr. Leigh F. Sturges of New York, a specialist in nervous diseases, told a reporter for the New York World the other day that the affliction resembled lockjaw from which Mrs. Eliza Cunningham is suffering in Bellevue hospital from seeing a cat in a fit was not true lockjaw nor any relation to it. The patient, he said, set her jaws through a nervous condition and more by suggestion or habit than anything else, the result of her first fright when a girl. The effect upon her was not mysterious, he said, and the present trouble would soon pass away. When the patient was sixteen years old, she was thrown into hysterics at the sight of a cat in a fit, and her jaws set, remaining immovable for several days. Ever since then the sight of a cat has affected her more or less, and to see one in a fit is certain to bring on hysterics and a setting of the jaws.

Laying Tracks for Automobiles. The dangers of automobile skidding on the hard asphalt pavements have finally persuaded the authorities of New York to permit the experiment of laying automobile tracks, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch's New York correspondent. An experimental section will first be laid at Murray street, between Broadway and Church streets. A plan of the Automobile Club of America is to have these strips laid across the New Jersey meadows and thus connect with the thousand miles of Jersey meadow that radiate from Newark. The cost of the enterprise, it is understood, is to be defrayed by the club.

A Bequest For Coeducation. The bequest of Professor Jacob of Berlin in the interest of coeducation is said to be the first of its kind ever made by a man, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. He has bequeathed 10,000 marks to the University of Berlin, with the proviso that the university shall not come into possession of the money until at least two departments are open to women as regular students.

The Horse Hypocrite. "Horse, to horse!" the public cried, and the smart set said: "We'll go. We'll prove there's something else beside the horse can make a show. We've curbed our feelings long enough; we'll check them now no more. Though 'tis the twentieth century, our century is four."

"We'll go in teams, in fours, in pairs, in furbelows and frills. Forgetting maxims, for who cares if 'tis the pace that kills? We'll say that we prefer the steed to any kind of wheels, then slide away contrariwise on our automobiles." —La Touche Hancock in New York Herald.



CATHEDRAL CAVES OF ACHILL, IRELAND. The beautiful rock formations shown in the illustration are found near Achill, in the most picturesque part of Ireland. They have been aptly styled ocean-carved temples, literally houses not made with hands. The restless waves during unnumbered centuries have carved these fantastic forms from the living rock.

THAT MOUNTAIN DEW.



Johnny Raw: "The meenister said I was on the braid road. Hech, but it's aw braid enough for me noo, I'm thinkin'."

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Union Supply Company.

DONALD DONALDSON, JR.

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Charles W. Hooke

By HOWARD FIELDING

Being a True Record and Explanation of the Seven
Mysteries Now Associated With His Name in
the Public Mind, and of an Eighth,
Which Is the Key of the Seven

CHAPTER VII. THE MYSTERY OF THE COLLAR OF DIAMONDS.

[CONTINUED.]

His manner had been perfect throughout this scene. Although he had been firm and even insistent, still he had not forgotten his years, but had preserved a due deference toward this old rascal who did not in the least deserve it. At the last he had seemed to feel much depressed and had cast down his eyes, but suddenly he raised them to Kelvin's face with that peculiar, gentle, searching look that I love so well. When he turns it upon me, it warms my heart, for I know that he is seeing straight into its innermost chamber. Yet there are some who cannot bear this look, not dishonest, scheming people who might well be expected to shrink from it, but those who are merely nervous from illness, like our cashier, Jim Bunn, for instance. Jim Bunn dreads death, and perhaps he shudders to think that Donald could tell him when the grim fellow is coming. At any rate, I have seen poor Bunn turn white and his hands pour sweat from their palms when Donald has looked at him thus.

Even Kelvin's thick hide was penetrated. He backed away toward the wicket.

"Don't try any of your tricks with me," he said. "I don't want my fortune told."

Donald started slightly, and a faintly perceptible shudder passed over him. It seemed to communicate itself to me and to Kelvin, who paled and then flushed.

"You're a humbug," he cried out roughly, ashamed of his momentary superstitious alarm. "You're an open humbug. Anybody can see through you."

Donald turned away wearily, while Kelvin kicked the gate open and went blustering up the path.

As we walked home together I tried to revive Donald's spirits by complimenting him upon his language and bearing in this trying scene, but he seemed to be very much dissatisfied with himself.

"Why is it," said he, "that when I am excited I talk like 'Tollie's Tour in Europe'?" "Oh, he, uncle!" exclaimed little Tollie. "You are seeking to impose upon my youthful credulity. That's the way it sounds to myself. And I was tremendously excited just now. You won't ask me why, will you? You'll let me go ahead and make a fool of myself in my own idiotic way and forgive me afterward. It's your promise, you know."

"I don't think you'll make a fool of yourself," said I. "Little Miss Kelvin is a very charming girl. I wish she had a better father."

"I am too well satisfied with Mr. Kelvin just now to say anything disrespectful about him," responded Donald. "This conversation with him has taken a great weight off my mind."

Remembering Kelvin's words, I could not understand Donald's ground for satisfaction, but he was obviously very much in earnest about it. My curiosity was piqued, yet I would ask no questions. Still less would I offer advice, for I am ever slow to cloud the bright day of youth with the gray counsels of age. Youth, as a rule, lives life honestly as it is, while crabbed, dissatisfied age would thrust in a poor plan of its own contrary to nature's.

So I turned the conversation into the way of small things, and we went home cheerfully to breakfast.

I was at the factory until the middle of the afternoon, and when I came home again I was surprised to see the Kelvins' carriage alongside my veranda. Mrs. Kelvin was just alighting, and Dorothy was giving her greeting. They presented a remarkable contrast as they stood there together in the clear light of the summer afternoon.

Mrs. Kelvin is a woman who always looks as if her clothes and herself had fought a great battle while she was dressing and the clothes had got the better of it. They assert their superiority. She is not fond of flaring colors, but she puts on too much of everything. Trimming seems to stick out of her at random, with the result that every plain spot on her gown looks bare.

Dorothy's raiment is the handmaiden of her beauty, serving humbly and in sweet simplicity. Her personality puts a soul into her clothes. If it were not too curious a fancy, I could see her gown falling away to a mere bit of cloth when she takes it off.

The ways of the two women are like their attire. Mrs. Kelvin bristles, and yet her manner is expensive, as you might say, for it cannot be had except

in the society of the wealthy. It is silk backed plush, but it is plush.

"How do you do, Mr. Harrington?" said she, extending her hand upon a level with my chin. "I have come to you for sympathy and assistance."

She laughed pointedly in order to show that her language was intentionally extravagant. I never liked those utility laughs.

"What is the trouble?" I asked. "It is a story of crime," she replied, "a mysterious midnight robbery. Really I am heartbroken. They have stolen my diamond collar, a gift from Mr. Kelvin and dear to me far beyond its value. I don't suppose it is worth more than \$6,000, though, of course, I never asked him what he paid for it."

"I am in a position to sympathize with you," said I. "as you may be aware. We have obtained no trace of the money that was taken from my safe."

Mrs. Kelvin's face took on such an expression of sudden gloom that I was really touched. I had not supposed that she would thus feel for me in my misfortune.

"I hadn't thought of that," she said, with hesitation. "Of course, young Mr. Donaldson has tried to find the money?"

Instantly I saw straight through the whole game. This superstitious woman had come to ask Donald to find her diamond collar by the exercise of that occult power which Mr. Kelvin had so fiercely decided that very morning. Upon my word, a fine piece of presumption.

"Don't have an idea what has become of the money," said Dorothy.

"Yet he might be more successful in the case of my diamonds," responded Mrs. Kelvin, rallying. "Do you know, Mr. Donaldson, I have the greatest faith in your son. I think he is a very remarkable young man. My husband and I have the most protracted arguments about it. You know, Mr. Kelvin is such a common-sensible man he can't believe anything that is at all out of the ordinary. I understand," she added, turning to me, "that you and Mr. Kelvin had quite a disagreement about it this morning. You must not take what he says too seriously. It is really my fault, because I keep him stirred up about it."

"Donald was greatly pleased with Mr. Kelvin this morning," said I, with dishonest and contemptible evasion. "He was not in the least off-put."

Mrs. Kelvin was surprised and delighted. She turned to Dorothy with a most effusive manner.

"Please use your maternal influence in my behalf," she cried. "If your son will come over to the Elms—"

At that moment there was a clatter of hoofs, and Donald, on horseback, came around the corner of the house at such a pace that he had to pull up sharply in order to avoid collision with Mrs. Kelvin's equipage. The boy rides like a wild Indian.

His mother called to him, and he slid off his horse and came up on to the veranda. He looked big and handsome in his riding clothes, and his mother eyed him proudly.

"Mrs. Kelvin has come to ask you to go over to the Elms," said Dorothy, and she paused there for the mischief of it.

Donald sat down upon the arm of his mother's chair, and I think it was



He looked big and handsome in his riding clothes.

because he had not the strength to

stand, though he did not reveal his surprise in any other way.

"It is very kind of Mrs. Kelvin," said he.

"My husband joins me in this request," said our visitor. "We have lost a diamond ornament of considerable value, and we hope that you will help us to find it."

"I wish I could be of some service," responded Donald, "but I'm afraid you will be disappointed. How was the article lost?"

"It was stolen from my dressing room during the night," she replied. "I very carelessly left it there, although all my other jewels of value were put away in the safe, as usual. It was in a small burnt wood box, not a jewel casket. The box happened to be standing there empty, and I dropped the diamond collar into it, intending to take it out again immediately. But the lid of the box fell down, and that was why I forgot the collar. The box was gone this morning."

"May I ask who besides yourself knew that the collar was there?" asked Donald.

"My maid may have known, though she declares that she didn't," replied Mrs. Kelvin. "I'm sure she didn't see me put it there, for she was in another room at the time, and, as I've told you, the lid of the box fell down immediately. A few minutes later my husband came in, and I gave him my other things to put in the safe. I never thought of the collar, nor did he."

"Is the maid an honest girl?" asked Dorothy. "Has she been with you long?"

"Nearly ten years," said Mrs. Kelvin, speaking with real human feeling. "and unless the collar is actually found around her neck I shall never believe in her guilt. I have assured her that she is not under suspicion. But that's not quite true, for a detective who came out from the city in response to a telephone message from my husband wants to arrest the woman right away."

"Don't you let him do it," said Dorothy.

Donald asked when the loss was discovered and learned that it was shortly after the amiable Mr. Kelvin had returned from his interview with us by the gate.

There was an interval of silence, during which I observed that Donald was suffering great mental distress.

"May I ask," he said at last, "whether your daughter knows that you have—have come to me? It seems an absurd question."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Kelvin. "I understand you fully. Amy knows that I have come over here. She was eager that I should do so."

"I will go over to the Elms," said Donald, "and I will give you such help as I can; but if you rely upon any mysterious and miraculous powers of mine you will see clearly in this case that I do not possess them."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERY OF THE COLLAR OF DIAMONDS (CONTINUED)

MRS. KELVIN was not impressed by this declaration. She rose with a great rustling of ribbons.

"Won't you come, too, Mrs. Donaldson?" she said, "and you, Mr. Harrington? There is room in the carriage."

Dorothy excused herself from participating in this adventure, and while she was doing so I got a private word with Donald.

"I'm afraid this is a bad business, my boy," said I. "Kelvin will triumph over you."

"I shall be glad to give him the chance," replied Donald. "If anybody wants to prove that I'm not a psychic marvel, he can have my help every time."

"Suppose Kelvin's got it himself?" I whispered. "This may be a put up job."

He had no time to respond to this suggestion in words, but I could see that he took a different view of the matter. If he had any inner light upon the subject, he did not share it with Mrs. Kelvin and me during the drive to the Elms. He remained silent, except when directly addressed, and all his replies were as brief as courtesy permitted them to be.

When we reached The Elms, we were met by Amy, who had the air of one that has waited in great impatience. It was impossible to be blind to the fact that she regarded this appeal to Donald as a grand and glorious vindication of him and that she expected immediate and notable results. Donald by this time had sunk to such a level of dejection that not even the sight of the fair queen of his youthful fancy could move him in the least. In fact, he seemed to be so miserable that he could not look her in the face.

Mrs. Kelvin viewed his state with alarm, for her hope was really fixed upon him. She had more than her share of that peculiarly feminine trust in the supernatural which makes women the easy prey of all dealers in mystery, and, besides, her confidence was re-enforced by the wifely habit of discrediting radically with Mr. Kelvin. I could see clearly that she would be very angry with Donald if he failed.

For my own part, I had not felt so foolish since the day when I was first led to expose before the eyes of my

fellow citizens of Tunbridge my aged shanks attired in golf breeches and hose, and that's a sad day for an old man whom all the little boys and girls have been taught to respect. The memory of it flitted across my mind as I stood there on Kelvin's veranda. The lord of The Elms was visible within the house, where he sat near a long window in earnest conversation with my old friend Graves Reedy. I was somewhat surprised at Kelvin's choice of a detective. It might suggest a purpose to get two values for his money by "pumping" Reedy in regard to the affair of the robbery at the factory and Donald's prediction of it.

Kelvin and Reedy rose immediately and came toward the window. Just as they stepped out upon the veranda I heard Donald say to Amy in a pleading, disconsolate tone, "Do you really wish me to do this?"

"Of course I do! Of course I do!" the girl replied, with energy. By this time I had clasped the hand of Kelvin, whose manner was as courteous and cordial as that of a dog who for fear of a whipping permits another dog to eat out of his dish. I had never before realized how complete was the domestic subjection in which my new neighbor dwelt.

"Glad to see you, glad to see you," said he. "This is an opportunity that we all ought to welcome. Seems to have been made by Providence expressly for the purpose. Now, if I've misjudged young Mr. Donaldson, you'll find me eager to square the account, and of course there's no quarrel between you and me and never has been. You understand that thoroughly. I trust. It gives me pleasure to welcome you to The Elms."

"I am going to be very frank with you, Mr. Kelvin," I said. "You did Donald a great injustice this morning, and that will be true whether he fails or succeeds in this present matter. It was in the hope that you had recognized this fact that we accepted Mrs. Kelvin's invitation."

I was glad to have found some reason to justify my own conduct to myself. As a matter of fact, I had been wondering all the way over how in the world we had happened to come.

"I have recognized it," said Kelvin, turning red. "Yes, sir; I have. We'll let it stand that way. Ah, Mr. Donaldson! Exceedingly obliged to you for your kind offer to assist us in this trouble. We expect great things of you."

"I can't do it, Mr. Kelvin," said Donald in a tone of deep wretchedness. "I can't find the diamonds. I don't even know how to go to work to try. I'm as likely to find the north pole sticking up through the floor of your veranda. But Mrs. Kelvin insisted upon my coming."

"Mrs. Kelvin is a great insister. I'm not at all surprised to see you," said the old villain with a grin. "Take your own time. Don't hurry."

I upon this Mr. Reedy favored us with a brief review of his endeavors.

"There's only one thing in it," he said in conclusion. "Where did she put the diamonds? That's the point. Where did she put 'em?"

"The maid?" asked Donald in a dreamy tone.

Mr. Reedy nodded three times.

"I suppose she must have taken them, poor girl," said Donald. "If you say so."

"The facts speak for themselves," said the detective.

"They don't speak to me," said Donald, with a weary smile. "I can't hear a whisper."

He sat down in a big chair and buried his face in his hands. At that moment Mrs. Kelvin, who had been speaking with the butler in the hall, emerged from the house with the usual fluttering round.

"S-s-sh-sh!" whispered Mr. Kelvin. "He's going into a trance."

Donald sprang to his feet, his face as red as a beet. I expected a warm protest from the young man, for the word "trance" to him is as a Harvard banner to a bull, but he preserved his self-control marvellously.

"Would you mind if I walked about a bit?" said he. "It's no earthly use, you know. May I go into the house?"

He moved toward the door and thus came face to face with Martha Hill, the suspected maid, who was just coming out. She was a worn, faded, patient woman of fifty, not without intelligence and meant perhaps for a better station, yet now a creature of lifelong servitude. Her mouth had a peculiar droop at the corners, so that she must have looked sad at all times. She had shed many tears that day, and her eyes were red; her nose, too, poor woman, and altogether she was a picture of woe.

Donald kept his eyes upon her as she crossed the veranda toward her mistress. When she had taken her place behind the chair in which Mrs. Kelvin had sat down, she turned and looked at Donald. It was clear that she knew who he was and why he had come.

"You were quite right, Mrs. Kelvin," said my boy. "Your maid is perfectly innocent."

At these words Martha's feelings overcame her. She wailed distressfully and fell upon her knees, not because she thought the act appropriate, but because she could not help it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Railroad Time Tables.



PITTSBURG DIVISION AND BRANCHES.

On and after Nov. 23rd, 1902, passenger trains will leave Connellsville for Chicago via Pittsburgh and Akron without change. Express 1.10 and 6.11 p. m. daily.

For Cincinnati, St. Louis and Louisville via Pittsburg, week days, 5.05 a. m. and 6.11 p. m. daily.

For Pittsburg, week days, 5.05, 7.10, 7.55, 11.05 a. m., 1.10, 3.15, 6.14, 7.10 p. m.; Sundays, 5.05, 7.10, 7.55 a. m., and 1.10, 6.14 and 7.10 p. m.

For Washington, Pa., and Wheeling—Week days, 5.05, 11.05 a. m.; 1.10 and 6.14 p. m.; Sundays, 5.05 a. m., 1.10 and 6.14 p. m.

For Mount Pleasant—Week days, 8.30 a. m., 8.45 and 8.55 p. m.

For Minnetonka—Week days, 7.55, 9.50 a. m., 4.02 and 6.45 p. m.; Sundays, 9.50 a. m. and 6.15 p. m.

For Lackawanna—Week days, 7.55 a. m., 4.05 and 6.45 p. m.; Sundays, 9.50 a. m. and 6.15 p. m.

For Fairport—Week days, 9.50 a. m., 4.15 p. m.; Sundays, 9.50 a. m.

For Cleveland and Valley Division points—2.45 a. m., 2.16 and 10.52 p. m.; Week days only.

If you want to secure through tickets, reserve Pullman car space, or get information concerning time of trains and connections, call at the Baltimore & Ohio depot, Connellsville, Pa., H. L. DOUGLASS, Ticket Agent, or B. B. MCKINLEY, Gen. Pass. Agent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

(Southwest Branch.)
On and after June 15th, 1902, trains will arrive and depart as follows:
Southward—For Dunbar, Redstone Junction and Altoona, 8.16, 10.52 a. m., 3.10 and 6.45 p. m.
For Fairport—10.52 a. m., 3.50 and 6.15 p. m.
Northward—For Scottsdale and Greensburg and all points on the main line, 7.22, 9.30 a. m., 3.05 and 5.53 p. m.
For information concerning rates of fare, etc., call on or address the following agents: Albert Hutchinson, Fairport; W. D. McClellan, Altoona; Sam Farr, Dunbar; W. R. Fitch, Redstone Junction; or Thomas H. W. Hill, Passenger Agent Western District, 106 17th Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. E. HILL, Ticket Agent, Gen. Mgr.
J. R. WILSON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

PITTSBURG & LAKE ERIE.

Leaves Pittsburgh, McKeesport & Youngstown Railroad, Cleveland Short Line.
Central Standard Time, in effect Sunday June 15th, 1902.
Trains leave as follows: For West Newton, McKeesport and Pittsburgh, daily at 5.30 a. m. and 2.05 p. m.
For McKeesport and Pittsburgh, 5.30 a. m., 2.05 and 6.10 p. m.; For points on Belle Vernon branch, daily, 5.30 a. m. and 2.05 p. m.
Pittsburgh and Lake Erie, between Pittsburgh, Buffalo and Chicago.
J. A. DOUGLASS, Gen. Pass. Agt.
J. B. VAIL, Superintendent.

WYOMING & LAKES E. R.

Trains leave Layton daily for Star Junction at 8.25 a. m. and 5.50 and 7.30 p. m.
Trains leave Star Junction for Layton daily at 7.15 a. m. and 5.20 and 6.50 p. m.
All trains make connection with Baltimore & Ohio at Layton.
S. S. NEWAY, Jr., Gen. Supt.
N. P. HYNDMAN, G. P. and P. A.

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